54. PRAYER

We for whom prayer is a custom forgotten,
We who except for love's flame
Know neither idol nor god—
Come, let us too lift our hands,
Make our petition that Life, our loved mistress,
Smooth today's venom with sweets of tomorrow—
Lighten on them that lack strength for its burden
Time, and the nights and the days—
Brighten with lamps in their darkness those eyes
Dawn's rosy face cannot touch!

PRAYER

1 Come, let us also lift our hands,
   We who do not remember the custom of prayer,
   We who, except for the burning fire of love,
   Do not remember any idol, any god.

5 Come, let us present a petition that Life, our beloved,
    Will pour tomorrow's sweetness into today's poison;
    That for those who have not strength for the burden of the days,
    May it make night and day (weigh) light on their eyelashes;
    For those whose eyes have not strength for (seeing) the face of
dawn,

May it light some candle in their nights;

DU'Ā

1 Ā'īye hāth uţhā'ēn ham bhī,
   Ham jinheñ rasm-e-du'ā yād nahīn,
   Ham jinheñ soz-e-maẖabbat ke siwa
   Ko'ī but, ko'ī khudā yād nahīn.

5 Ā'īye 'arz guzārēn kē nigār-e-hastī
   Zahr-e-imroz men shirīn-e-fardā bhar-de;
   Vo jinheñ tāb-e-girāūbārī-e-alyām nahīn
   Unkī palkon pe shab o roz ko halkā kar-de;
   Jin-kī ānkhōn ko rukht-e-süb kā yārā bhī nahīn

10 Unkī rātoñ meñ ko'ī sham' munavvar kar-de;
May there be shown to those feet that no
Pathways have aided, some road—
May there be given to deceit's slavish votaries
Will to deny and to seek—
Courage, to men whose heads tyranny's
Sword hovers over, to fend off the murderous hand!

Love's hidden mystery—man's fevered soul: today let us
Make a new covenant with it, its fever be slaked;
Truth's potent word, that keeps pricking the heart like a
thorn,
Make it our own, and the throbbing pain bring to an end.

For those for whose steps there is no assistance of any road,
May it make some road luminous to their sight;
To those whose religion is pursuit of lying and hypocrisy,
May there come courage for denial, resolution for truth;
To those whose heads are awaiting the sword of oppression,
May there come capacity to shake off the murderer's hand.

The hidden secret of love is the fevered soul, with which
Let us today make a covenant, and let its fever be slaked;
The word of Truth, which throbs in the heart like a thorn,
Let us today accept, and the anguish be wiped out.

Jin-ke qadmon ko kisi rah kah sahara bhi nahin
Unki naghro pe ko'ri rah ujagar kar-de;
Jin-kah din pairavi-e-kizb-o-riya hai, unko
Himmat-e-kufur mile, jur'at-e-tahqiq mile;
15 Jin-ke sar muntazir-e-tegh-e-jafahain, unko
Dast-e-qatil ko jhaatak-dene ki taufiq mile.
'Ishq kah sir-e-nihain jain-e-tapush hai jis-se
Aj iqra karen aur tapish mit-jia';
Harf-e-razq, dil men kheakti hai jo kaante ki taraf,
20 Aj iqra karein, aur khalish mit-jia'.